

# Saved From the Sea

He answered:  
"I flung everything in the fortunes of to-day—ruin, or a grand coup, to gain a bid step to freedom, and—"  
"Christine saw at once the new moral danger that threatened to wreck all her efforts through her very hold of this passionate, undisciplined heart."  
"In plain truth," she said, slowly, "in this mad gambling game of to-day you taken your honor and your wife against ruin—not thousands of gold!"  
"Christine!"  
"Husband—love—be true to yourself, and never—oh, never again play such a fearful game as that!"  
All the rich love, all the passion of the woman's soul, went out to him in those deep, suppressed words, and they sunk into his very heart's core.  
"It was minutes before he could answer or dare to trust even a glance; then he turned his handsome face, still quivering with the intensity of passionate emotions forcibly suppressed, full to her, and met her eyes."  
"I never will, wife, I promise. However desperate and reckless I may be, I will never again play dead against absolute ruin, for your sake and for honor's sake."  
"Dearest, thank you for that."  
For quite a mile they rode on in silence.  
Then St. Maur spoke again:  
"The one chance that both those two horses might fail was so remote—such a bare possibility—that I think in my very temper I did not recognize or realize it as being almost beyond possibility—I would not think of it as being on the cards of chance at all, or face the fact that if—both horses—were to fail, because even Morley would not have stood near me to meet all the loss. If either Kingfisher or Frank's Hercules had failed to take the place for which I had backed them, the gain on the one innings would have saved the loss on the other—or nearly so. Do you follow me?"  
"Yes, quite."  
"I had backed Kingfisher very heavily—Hercules for a place for much less—so that if the former won, and the latter failed to come second or third, I should still have cleared a good sum, despite the loss on Hercules; but if the case had been reversed, I should have lost the said sum on the race."  
"But you could have met it?"  
"Yes—just, I think, without Morley's aid."  
"And now," she added, "since both won your bets, you have gained a large sum."  
"Ah, yes, thousands—many thousands."  
"She dared not say, 'It is ill-gotten gold—do not touch it!' it would be straining the cord too taut; but she said, gently:  
"And, Falconer, what will you do with it?"  
He looked at her and smiled.  
"Pay half at least to Kenton Morley on Monday evening or Tuesday; it will materially lessen his count against me and ease off interest. I won't go to him for much again, if I can help it, either—his fortune isn't too hard again. I think, dear," he added, in a lighter tone, "that you brought me luck by wearing my colors."  
"I hope I shall bring you better luck than that yet, dear husband," she answered, softly.  
The light flashed up into the man's eyes; herself, then—her own precious self at his side again; it must be—it must be, before long! He could not—would not live without her!

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entering the vale of his sixth decade, welcomed this bright being of another world, and had put forth round him for years the tendril of affection that had well-nigh withered for want of moisture; it had grown very slowly on the hard, worldly man of money-making, this liking! it had been long before he recognized its existence; but there it was—and recently, a fact admitted to its object.  
"And when I say I am pleased to see you, I mean it," said the money-lender. "I know you do, Ken; that's the odd part of it, for you must feel tolerably sure that I have come for cash again."  
"Truth to say, I expected you last week, against settling Monday," said Morley, coolly. "Take a glass of wine, though, before starting into business."  
"Thanks—but I had rather not."  
"Breakfasted late, eh, young man?"  
"If you call 8 o'clock late—yes. I never take pegs, you know."  
"I know you don't, nor care about eating and drinking at all; it's not among your vices."  
"Got plenty without that add," said the other, with a half-bitter laugh. "Well, suppose I'm euehred—cleaned out by Derby settlements yesterday—what will you stand?"  
"What have you the audacity to ask, you bold sinner? That is more to the point, I take it."  
"Oh, well, I might have had, last week, to ask for ten thousand if I had thought I should have got it, to save utter ruin."  
Morley looked hard at the speaker, puzzled by his manner.  
"Utter ruin!" he repeated, slowly. "Do you mean to say that it has come to that—one race—so suddenly?"  
"Why not? Is that so strange a thing in your experience, Ken?"  
"To be ruined, and never even to come near me! How insane!" said the other man, striking his hand on the solid table beside him, hurt, wounded, stung with anger by the sharpness of the pain.  
In an instant St. Maur had sprung up and laid his hand on the other's shoulder, startled, vexed with himself, pained to a degree.  
"Ken—my dear Morley—forgive me. I never dreamed you would care much if I did go to the bad. It was all my worthless meekness. I'm not done with this time."  
"Not ruined—oh, thank heaven!" He grasped the young man's hand like a vice for a moment before he let him resume his seat. "And if you had been—"  
"If I had, Ken, I should have come straight to you; not to ask for ten thousand pounds, because that would have been absurd, but to tell you that I must cry bankrupt, and vanish."  
"You would—honor bright, you would—have come to me, St. Maur?" said the older man, eagerly.  
"Yes; but I repeat, not for help to such a tune as that, when your account against me must be somewhere about fifteen thousand pounds. To ask you to cash up another ten on virtually no security, would have passed even my audacity, and been met by the flat refusal it deserved."  
"I'm not quite so sure of that, though," said the money-lender, stroking his grey beard reflectively. "I like gold as well as most men, of course, and I keep a tight grip on it, but I'm not at all hard; and when I told you that I liked you, I meant what I said, as I always do, and I should have stood by you, and possibly made some arrangement for you to give you a chance; though I don't say I should have touched at all upon so large a sum as I see you were mad enough to risk last week; it went very near, in the code of gamblers, to staking your honor."  
St. Maur started, flushing deeply—almost his wife's very words.  
"I know it," he said, with a kind of proud humility that touched the old man; "and I shall never again, I hope, sail so terribly close to the wind. I was mad. I don't the least deserve your kind words and friendly feeling, nor the luck that has crowned my desperate throw of the dice. If Matador had won I was ruined."  
"Ah, then you backed Kingfisher?"  
"Very heavily, and Hercules for a place, and he, you saw, of course, was second. I won on both, and as the result of yesterday's settling," he rose up and laid a slip of paper before the money-lender, "please take that off my old account."  
Morley took up the cheque, looked at it, then up into Falconer's face.  
"My dear fellow, have you made a mistake in the figures?"  
"Not at all; I have drawn a cheque for five thousand pounds—it is quite right. Give me a receipt, and mark it off the total debt I owe, that's all."  
"I will hand you over bills of yours to that amount," said the money-lender, unlocking a drawer. Into his rugged face there had come such a sunshiny look of pleasure as few ever had seen there—not the gladness of the lender receiving his own again with usury, but the pleasure of the man who sees another—for whom he cares, whose welfare he has, in whatever degree, at heart—retrieving a downward path, if only by one step.  
Falconer saw the expression and read it aright, with a wonderful gratitude that told very little vanity or self-consciousness could be reckoned amongst the man's faults; but glancing suddenly up, Morley caught that look in the velvet-dark eyes, and both men smiled.  
"You are a bit of a riddle to me, Ken," said the younger.  
"Because I admit—shall I say—an eccentric liking for such a very mixed pickle of good, bad and indifferent, as goes by the name of Falconer St. Maur—is that it?"  
"Yes, exactly; it's a riddle, Ken."  
"Well, leave the riddle, and accept the fact as I do. You are a much deeper riddle to me than I am to you, and one that, from an idle curiosity, I should, above everything else, like you to read me, you touched it that evening here just before the Newmarket—do you remember our conversation?"  
"Yes," St. Maur leaned back in his chair, but the hand that had rested lightly on the cushioned arm clutched upon it. "You urged me to pull in, and throw out the suggestion, to see how I took it, that I might marry a rich widow or an heiress, and I replied, 'Thank you for nothing.'"

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THE ALL-WHITE SUMMER HAT.

There is no straw in the popular all-white hat. The material is silk braided, and it is the hat that is chosen by the girl who wants to wear a costume completely white. The upper brim is covered with a shirred white chiffon. Huge white roses, on the crown, are intermingled with green rose leaves.

"That was not all you said," said Morley, resting his broad hands on the bills he had counted down; "may I remind you?"  
"Yes."  
"You added, 'If I must be euehred, I must; but by heaven! I am not bad enough for such a game as that.' I said, 'There is a woman at the bottom of that, of course,' and you replied, 'There's a woman at the bottom of most men's lives, isn't there? There is misery and wrong enough without my piling up more.' Do you remember saying that?"  
"Ay, and I meant every word." He got up and began walking to and fro the room. "You don't want me to do that, surely—to marry a woman I don't care for?"  
"Not for worlds; it would be your ruin, body and soul!" said the money-lender, strongly. "I want to see you saved; and nothing, I verily believe, can do that but one thing—one being, whoever she may be. Forgive me if I speak out and probe wounds; but if, as I fancy, it is your own sins and consequent position that stand in your way, I could perhaps help you materialize. I would make any arrangement that I possibly could make to help you if you will but trust me with your confidence; it will be as safe as the grave with me unless you bid me speak."  
Falconer St. Maur swung round, and stood still on the other side of the secretaire. He was deathly pale with the intensity of emotion stirred to its depths.  
"I know it!" he said, in a suppressed way; "and I will trust you—even if it were not to your own best interest to keep my secret—because you have won the right to confidence; but all your forbearance and utterly unlooked-for kindness can not possibly help me."  
"Ah, don't say that, boy—don't say that!" interrupted Morley, leaning forward in his earnestness. "Is it your uncle's opposition? Surely I can be of some use if that is the obstacle!"  
"It is the obstacle, Kenton, but not as you think; the thing is done, and, thank heaven, nothing can undo it!"  
He paused.  
"What do you mean? What have you done?"  
"I am married."  
In all the widest range of possibility that answer had never suggested itself to Kenton Morley, and he fell back in his chair in utter blank amazement and dismay, staring at the younger man.  
"Married!" he repeated at last. "Good heavens! I never dreamed that—of you—I confess. Now, when was it?"  
"More than eight years ago," said St. Maur, half turning aside.  
There was dead silence for a minute, till the money lender broke it:  
"Only twenty-three! Then—she—she—"  
"A trusting child of sixteen, whom I easily persuaded into a secret marriage," St. Maur took him up in the same low-spoken, suppressed way. "But I held her heart, and she mine—my life's one love—ay, through all the misery I have wrought on both—the wreck, perhaps, I have made her, and heart-breaking separation of six years, when each half thought the other dead, she has been ever

one woman at the bottom of my life, wound in with every fibre of my being!"  
"Thank heaven she will save him yet, then!" muttered the money lender. "She does live still, then, St. Maur?"  
"Ay," he said, facing round now; "it was my wife I saved at Brighton, after all, Kenton, in that game. I knew that only a week ago; but I first saw her to recognize her in the theatre that night before Newmarket."  
"And why," said Morley, after a pause, "is all this strange, sad story a secret from your uncle? For your wife is your equal, of course, or you would not have married her."  
"It is a secret, Ken, and must remain one while he lives, as far as I can see; because my young wife happens—by the irony of fate, I suppose—to be the one woman banned to me by my uncle, for whose sake I should be unrelentingly disinherited—utterly! You must understand that. She is the daughter of a lady who jilted him shamelessly, unpardonably, I admit."  
"But the poor child, nor you, had nothing to do with that!" said Morley, indignantly.  
"Certainly not; but how few of us are just or reasonable when our feelings or passions come into play? and William Orde is stubborn to a degree, I tell you."  
"And you dare not even hint the matter to him, then?"  
"Not a breath! I know what that means for me; and for you, every cent of your security to the winds!"  
"H'm! that would not quite do, either," said the money lender, with a grave but kindly smile. "Does—pardon me my questions—does your wife see the necessity—of secrecy, I mean?"  
"Yes, now—when I told her everything a week ago."  
"She is not, then, living with you anywhere?" Morley asked, looking down.  
"No."  
There was a world of bitter pain in the one word that told its own story to the keen-witted listener. He stretched out his hand and clasped the other's closely, holding it; "thank you more than I can say for your confidence," he said, huskily. "You have never treated me nor judged me, I know, as nothing but a mere hard, grasping money-lender, to be made use of and despised. You have ever been courteous, and given me credit for some heart and feeling, some human sympathies; and now you have trusted me as a friend—the lone, childless old man—and you will not find your confidence misplaced, believe me. Now, can you read the riddle of my eccentric liking for you?"  
"Yes, friend."  
"One favor I would ask," said Morley, presently, pushing the roll of bills to his client; "you may think it a singular one."  
"No matter if I do, Ken; what is it?"  
"Don't tell your wife that you have told me all this."  
"I will not, till you choose to retract the request," answered St. Maur.  
"Thank you very much."  
Once more a close hand-clasp, and the two men so dissimilar, yet so oddly linked, parted.  
But Morley sat for a long time, his head resting on his hand, thinking over

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The money-lender was busy over a pile of insipid-looking papers, his brow somewhat puckered, his lips set in a grimace; but at that announcement he looked quickly up with a positive gleam of pleasure over his whole face.  
"Show him in, Robinson, and remember I am engaged as long as he is here."  
Robinson retired, and Morley swept the papers into a drawer, rising, as the door again opened to admit the tall, graceful figure of his favorite client.  
"I am glad to see you, by dear St. Maur," he said, cordially, grasping the other's hand; "very pleased to see you. Sit down," resuming his own place.  
"Thanks for your welcome," said Falconer, smiling, as he threw himself into his usual seat, the easy-chair on the hearth near by, and for all the writing his own hand had written against him, he was so brilliant and gifted as rich in the glorious beauty and pride of his manhood, that it was surely no wonder if that childless, solitary man, almost

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the somewhat life's story he had heard, reading much in between the lines; all the wrong and misery, and sin; all the gnawing remorse and passions; all the loving love for that one woman who had never lost her hold—a gambler's story of two lives well-nigh wrecked by the fatal passions with which the loved and loving wife had now to wage such stern warfare.

"But she'll save him yet!" the money-lender muttered; "there is gold in the man, in spite of all—and not the least, his love for her. I must find her out later, for I'll play into her hands as far as possible. I think I was never more taken back in my life than when he said those three words. Good heavens! I had thought of everything but that. Falc St. Maur married—and more than eight years ago, too! How should anybody who knew him imagine? I can't realize it yet. And Mr. Orde—Mr. Orde, if you had not made it impossible for this marriage to be acknowledged at once, your boy might have been reclaiming long ago, and never have been what he is now—a gambler. Heaven help him and his!"  
And the old man rose up with a heavy sigh.

CHAPTER XIX.  
"Frank!"  
"Well, my dear?"  
The major looked up over the top of his Times.  
"I want a five-pound note, please."  
"By Jove! do you indeed! What for, please? for you had a cheque only the other day because you said your pin-money was out?"  
"Don't be cross, there's a good boy; but just give it to me; it's all right," said Helen, with a laugh that was a little uneasy.  
Addison frowned a little, and put aside the pretty, outstretched hand.  
"Pardon me, my dear Helen, but I must know what it is for."  
"Tut! how tiresome you are this morning, Frank. I owe it, that's all."  
"To whom? and what for?"  
"Falc St. Maur, then, if you must know from A to Z!" she said, petulantly. "I lost it last night at cards to Madame Raconier. I didn't mean to play so high, but I did; she went up, and, of course, no stakes ever frighten—and I lost more than I had, and Falc lent it to me. I'm very sorry; but I got excited, I suppose. I know you would be angry about it, though you don't mind my taking it from Falc St. Maur."  
"Addison's brow cleared.  
"No, I don't mind Falc at all; but I have warned you before, my dear Nell, that in Madame Raconier's house play is often carried to positive gambling, especially after twelve, or according to the people who have dropped in. A music and card party is very pleasant, but high play in the salon is not admirable."  
"No; I know, dear Frank, and I don't like it any more than Mrs. Errington, who was there, too."  
"Mrs. Errington! Oh, she played and sung, of course, she is so musical!"  
"Yes, she and St. Maur; it was a treat to hear them; then she came into the card room and looked on, but Madame challenged her, and she played. Why, Frank, she is a capital player, and knows every game. I do think, all that are played anywhere."  
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